MORTALITIES MEMOR·ANDVM,

WITH

A DREAME PRE-

fixed, imaginarie in manner;
reall in matter.

By RACHEL SPEGHT.

Liue to die, for die thou muſt,
Die to liue, amongſt the iuſt.

LONDON
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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

THE WORSHIPFVLL AND VERTVOVS

Gentlewoman, her moſt reſpected God-

Mother Mrs *Marie Moundford*, wife

vnto the worſhipfull Doctour

Moundford Phyſitian.

AMongſt diuerſitie of motiues to induce the diulging of that to publique view, which was devoted to priuate Contemplation, none is worthy to precede deſire of common benefit. Corne kept cloſe in a garner feeds not the hungry; A candle put vnder a buſhell doth not illuminate an houſe; None but vnprofitable ſeruants knit vp Gods talent in a Napkin. Mat. 5.15. Mat. 25.30.

Theſe premiſes haue cauſed the Printing preſſe to expreſſe the ſubſequent *Memorandum of Mortalitie*, by which if obliuious perſons ſhall bee incited to premeditation off, and preparation againſt their laſt houre, when inevitable *Death* ſeazing on them, ſhall ceaſe their beeing vpon

Gen. 45. 28. earth, I shall with *Iacob* say, *I haue enough*: I leuell at no other marke, nor ayme at other end, but to haue all sorts to marke and prouide for their latter end. I know these populous times affoord plentie of forward Writers, and criticall Readers; My selfe hath made the number of the one too many by one; and hauing bin toucht with the censures of the other, by occasion of my *mouzeling Melastomus*, I am now, as by a strong motiue induced (for my rights sake) to produce and divulge this of spring of my indeuour, to proue them further futurely who haue formerly depriued me of my due, imposing my abortiue vpon the father of me, but not of it. Their varietie of verdicts haue verified the adagie *quot homines, tot sententiæ*, and made my experience confirme that apothegme which doth affirme Censure to be inevitable to a publique act.

Vnto your worthy selfe doe I dedicate the sequel as a testimonie of my true thankefulnesse for your fruitfull loue, euer since my beeing, manifested toward me, your actions hauing beene the Character of your affection; and that hereby the world may witnesse, that the promise

mſe you made for me, when I could make none for my ſelfe, my carefull friend (amongſt whom I muſt repute your euer eſteemed ſelfe) haue beene circumſpect to ſee performed. I would not haue any one falſly to thinke that this *Memorandum* is preſented to your perſon to implie in you defect of thoſe duties which it requires; but ſincerely to denote you as a paradigma to others; for what it ſhews to be done, ſhewes but what you haue done, yet ere I leaue, giue me leaue to put you in minde of *Paules* precept, *be not wearie of well-doing, for in due time you ſhall reape if you faint not.* Gal. 6. 9. Thus preſenting vnto God my ſupplication, and vnto you my operation, the former to him for your ſafetie, the latter to you for your ſeruice, I euer remaine

Your God daughter in dutie obliged

RACHEL SPEGHT.

¶ To the Reader.

READers too common, and plentifull be;
For Readers they are that can read a, b, c.
And vtter their verdict on what they doe view,
Though none of the Muſes *they yet euer knew.*
But helpe of ſuch Readers at no time I craue,
Their ſilence, than cenſure, I rather would haue:
For ignorant Dunces doe ſooneſt deprave.

But, courteous Reader, who euer thou art,
Which theſe my endeuours do'ſt take in good part,
Correcting with iudgement the faults thou do'ſt finde,
With fauour approuing what pleaſeth thy minde.
To thee for thy vſe, and behoofe, I extend
This poore Memorandum *of our latter end.*
Thus wiſhing thee wellfare, I reſt a true friend.

To thoſe which (Art affect,
And learnings fruit) reſpect.

RACHEL SPEGHT.

The Dreame.

WHen ſplendent *Sol*, which riſeth in the Eaſt,
Returning thence tooke harbour in the Weſt;
When *Phœbus* layd her head in *Titans* lap,
And Creatures ſenſitiue made haſt to reſt;
When skie which earſt look't like to azure blew,
Left colour bright, and put on ſable hew.

Then did *Morpheus* cloſe my drowſie eyes,
And ſtood as Porter at my ſences dore,
Divrnall cares excluding from my minde;
Including reſt, (the ſalue for labours ſore.)
Nights greateſt part in quiet ſleepe I ſpent,
But nothing in this world is permanent.

For ere *Aurora* ſpread her glittering beames,
Or did with roabes of light her ſelfe inveſt,
My mentall quiet ſleepe did interdict,
By entertaining a nocturnall gueſt.
A *Dreame* which did my minde and ſenſe poſſeſſe,
With more then I by Penne can well expreſſe.

At the appoyntment of ſupernall power,
By inſtrumentall meanes me thought I came
Into a place moſt pleaſant to the eye,
Which for the beautie ſome did *Coſmus* name,
Where ſtranger-like on euery thing I gaz'd,
But wanting wiſedome was as one amaz'd.

Vpon a ſodeyne, as I gazing ſtood,
Thought came to me, and ask't me of my ſtate,
Inquiring what I was, and what I would,
And why I ſeem'd as one diſconſolate:
To whoſe demand, I thus againe replide,
I, as a ſtranger in this place abide.

The Hauen of my voyage is remote,
I haue not yet attain'd my iourneyes end;
Yet know I not, nor can I giue a gueſſe,
How ſhort a time I in this place ſhall ſpend.
For that high power, which ſent me to this place,
Doth onely know the period of my race.

The reaſon of my ſadneſſe at this time,
Is, 'cauſe I feele my ſelfe not very well,
Vnto you I ſhall much obliged bee,
If for my griefe a remedie you'le tell.
Quoth ſhee, if you your maladie will ſhow,
My beſt aduiſe I'le willingly beſtow.

My griefe, quoth I, is cal'led *Ignorance*,
Which makes me differ little from a brute:
For animals are led by natures lore,
Their ſeeming ſcience is but cuſtomes fruit;
When they are hurt they haue a ſenſe of paine;
But want the ſenſe to cure themſelues againe.

And euer ſince this griefe did me oppreſſe,
Inſtinct of nature is my chiefeſt guide;
I feele diſeaſe, yet know not what I ayle,
I finde a ſore, but can no ſalue prouide;
I hungry am, yet cannot ſeeke for foode;
Becauſe I know not what is bad or good.

And ſometimes when I ſeeke the golden meane,
My weakneſſe makes me faile of mine intent,
That ſuddenly I fall into extremes,
Nor can I ſee a miſchiefe to preuent;
But feele the paine when I the perill finde,
Becauſe my maladie doth make me blinde.

What is without the compaſſe of my braine,
My ſickneſſe makes me ſay it cannot bee;
What I conceiue not, cannot come to paſſe;
Becauſe for it I can no reaſon ſee.
I meaſure all mens feet by mine owne ſhooe,
And count all well, which I appoint or doe.

The peſtilent effects of my diſeaſe
Exceed report, their number is ſo great;
The euils, which through it I doe incur,
Are more then I am able to repeat.
Wherefore, good *Thought*, I ſue to thee againe,
To tell me how my cure I may obtaine.

Quoth ſhe, I wiſh I could preſcribe your helpe;
Your ſtate I pitie much, and doe bewaile;
But for my part, though I am much imploy'd,
Yet in my iudgement I doe often faile.
And therefore I'le commend vnto your triall
Experience, of whom take no deniall.

For ſhe can beſt direct you, what is meet
To worke your cure, and ſatisfie your minde;
I thank'd her for her loue, and tooke my leaue,
Demanding where I might *Experience* finde.
She told me if I did abroad enquire,
I was likely *Age* could anſwer my deſire.

I ſought, I found, She ask't me what I would;
Quoth I, your beſt direction I implore:
For I am troubled with an irkeſome griefe,
Which when I nam'd, quoth ſhe declare no more:
For I can tell as much, as you can ſay,
And for your cure I'le helpe you what I may.

The onely medicine for your maladie,
By which, and nothing elſe your helpe is wrought,
Is *Knowledge*, of the which there is two ſorts,
The one is good, the other bad and nought;
The former ſort by labour is attain'd,
The latter may without much toyle be gain'd.

But 'tis the good, which muſt effect your cure,
I pray'd her then, that ſhe would further ſhow,
Where I might haue it, that I will, quoth ſhee,
In *Eruditions* garden it doth grow:
And in compaſſion of your woefull caſe,
Induſtrie ſhall conduct you to the place.

Diſſwaſion hearing her aſſigne my helpe,
(And ſeeing that conſent I did detect)
Did many remoraes to me propoſe,
As dulneſſe, and my memories defect;
The difficultie of attaining lore,
My time, and ſex, with many others more.

Which when I heard, my minde was much perplext,
And as a horſe new come into the field,
Who with a Harquebuz at firſt doth ſtart,
So did this ſhot make me recoyle and yeeld.
But of my feare when ſome did notice take,
In my behalfe, they this reply did make.

Firſt quoth *Deſire*, *Diſſwaſion*, hold thy peace,
Theſe oppoſitions come not from aboue:
Quoth *Truth*, they cannot ſpring from reaſons roote,
And therefore now thou ſhalt no victor proue.
No, quoth *Induſtrie*, be aſſured this,
Her friends ſhall make thee of thy purpoſe miſſe.

For with my ſickle I will cut away
All obſtacles, that in her way can grow,
And by the iſſue of her owne attempt,
I'le make thee *labor omnia vincet* know.
Quoth *Truth*, and ſith her ſex thou do'ſt obiect,
Thy folly I by reaſon will detect.

Both man and woman of three parts conſiſt,
Which *Paul* doth bodie, ſoule, and ſpirit call: 1. *Theſſ.* 5. 23.
And from the ſoule three faculties ariſe,
The mind, the will, the power; then wherefore ſhall
A woman haue her intellect in vaine,
Or not endeuour *Knowledge* to attaine.

The talent, God doth giue, muſt be imploy'd, *Luke* 19. 23.
His owne with vantage he muſt haue againe:
All parts and faculties were made for vſe; 1. *Sam.* 2. 3.
The God of *Knowledge* nothing gaue in vaine.
'Twas *Maries* choyce our Sauiour did approue, *Luke* 10. 42.
Becauſe that ſhe the better part did loue.

Cleobulina, and *Demophila*,
With *Teleſilla*, as Hiſtorians tell,
(Whoſe fame doth liue, though they haue long bin dead)
Did all of them in Poetrie excell.
A Roman matron that *Cornelia* hight,
An eloquent and learned ſtyle did write.

Hypatia in Aſtronomie had skill,
Aſpatia was in Rheth'ricke ſo expert,
As that Duke *Pericles* of her did learne;
Areta did deuote her ſelfe to art:
And by conſent (which ſhewes ſhe was no foole)
She did ſucceed her father in his ſchoole.

And many others here I could produce,
Who were in Science counted excellent;
But theſe examples which I haue rehearſt,
To ſhew thy error are ſufficient.
Thus hauing ſayd, ſhe turn'd her ſpeech to mee,
That in my purpoſe I might conſtant bee.

My friend, quoth ſhe, regard not vulgar talke;
For dung-hill Cocks at precious ſtones will ſpurne,
And ſwine-like natures prize not criſtall ſtreames,
Contemned mire, and mud will ſerue their turne.
Good purpoſe ſeldome oppoſitions want:
But conſtant mindes *Diſſwaſion* cannot daunt.

Shall euery blaſt diſturbe the Saylors peace?
Or boughes and buſhes Trauellers affright?
True valour doth not ſtart at euery noyſe;
Small combates muſt inſtruct for greater fight.
Diſdaine to bee with euery dart diſmayd;
'Tis childiſh to be ſuddenly affrayd.

If thou didſt know the pleaſure of the place,
Where *Knowledge* growes, and where thou mayſt it gaine;
Or rather knew the vertue of the plant,
Thou would'ſt not grudge at any coſt, or paine,
Thou canſt beſtow, to purchaſe for thy cure
This plant, by which of helpe thou ſhalt be ſure.

Let

Let not *Diſſwaſion* alter thy intent;
'Tis ſinne to nippe good motions in the head;
Take courage, and be conſtant in thy courſe,
Though irkeſome be the path, which thou muſt tread.
Sicke ſo kes drinke bitter medicines to be well,
And to inioy the nut men cracke the ſhell.

When *Truth* had ended what ſhee meant to ſay,
Deſire did moue me to obey her will,
Whereto conſenting I did ſoone proceede,
Her counſell, and my purpoſe to fulfill;
And by the helpe of *Induſtrie* my friend,
I quickly did attaine my iourneyes end.

Where being come, *Inſtructions* pleaſant ayre
Refreſht my ſenſes, which were almoſt dead,
And tragrant flowers of ſage and fruitfull plants,
Did ſend ſweete ſauours vp into my head;
And taſte of ſcience appetite did moue,
To augment *Theorie* of things aboue.

There did the harmonie of thoſe ſweete birds,
(Which higher ſoare with Contemplations wings,
Then barely with a ſuperficiall view,
Denote the value of created things.)
Yeeld ſuch delight as made me to implore,
That I might reape this pleaſure more and more.

And as I walked wandring with *Deſire*,
To gather that, for which I thither came;
(Which by the helpe of *Induſtrie* I found)
I met my old acquaintance, *Truth* by name;
Whom I requeſted briefely to declare,
The vertue of that plant I found ſo rare.

Quoth

Col. 3. 10. Quoth ſhee, by it Gods image man doth beare,
Without it he is but a humane ſhape,
Worſe then the Deuill; for he knoweth much;
Without it who can any ill eſcape?
By vertue of it euils are withſtood;
Prov. 19. 2. *The minde without it is not counted good.*

Who wanteth *Knowledge* is a Scripture foole,
Againſt the *Ignorant* the Prophets pray;
And *Hoſea* threatens iudgement vnto thoſe,
Whom want of *Knowledge* made to runne aſtray.
Without it thou no practique good canſt ſhow,
More then by hap, as blind men hit a Crow.

True *Knowledge* is the Window of the ſoule,
Through which her obiects ſhe doth ſpeculate;
It is the mother of faith, hope, and loue;
Without it who can vertue eſtimate?
By it, in grace thou ſhalt deſire to grow;
Iohn 17. 3. 'Tis life eternall God and Chriſt to *Know*.

Great *Alexander* made ſo great account,
Of *Knowledge*, that he oftentimes would ſay,
That he to *Ariſtotle* was more bound
For *Knowledge*, vpon which *Death* could not pray,
Then to his Father *Phillip* for his life,
Which was vncertaine, irkeſome, full of ſtrife.

This true report put edge vnto *Deſire*,
Who did incite me to increaſe my ſtore,
And told me 'twas a lawfull auarice,
To couet *Knowledge* daily more and more.
This counſell I did willingly obey,
Till ſome occurrence called me away.

And

And made me reſt content with that I had,
Which was but little, as effect doth ſhow;
And quenched hope for gaining any more,
For I my time muſt other-wayes beſtow.
I therefore to that place return'd againe,
From whence I came, and where I muſt remaine.

But by the way I ſaw a full fed Beaſt,
Which roared like ſome monſter, or a Deuill,
And on *Eues* ſex he foamed filthie froth,
As if that he had had the falling euill;
To whom I went to free them from miſhaps,
And with a *Mouzel* ſought to binde his chaps.

But, as it ſeemes, my moode out-run my might,
Which when a ſelfe-conceited Creature ſaw,
Shee paſt her cenſure on my weake exployt,
And gaue the beaſt a harder bone to gnaw;
Haman ſhee hangs, 'tis paſt he cannot ſhun it;
For *Eſter* in the Pretertenſe hath done it.

And yet her enterprize had ſome defect,
The monſter ſurely was not hanged quite:
For as the childe of *Prudence* did conceiue,
His throat not ſtop't he ſtill had power to bite.
She therefore gaue to *Cerberus* a ſoppe,
Which is of force his beaſtly breath to ſtoppe.

But yet if he doe ſwallow downe that bit,
Shee other-wayes hath bound him to the peace;
And like an Artiſt takes away the cauſe,
That the effect by conſequence may ceaſe.
This franticke dogge, whoſe rage did women wrong,
Hath Conſtance worm'd to make him hold his tongue.

Thus

Thus leauing them I paſſed on my way,
But ere that I had little further gone,
I ſaw a fierce inſatiable foe,
Depopulating Countries, ſparing none;
Without reſpect of age, ſex, or degree,
It did deuoure, and could not daunted be.

Some fear'd this foe, ſome lou'd it as a friend;
For though none could the force of it withſtand,
Yet ſome by it were ſent to *Tophets* flames,
But others led to heauenly *Canaan* land.
On ſome it ſeazed with a gentle power,
And others furiouſly it did deuoure.

The name of this impartiall foe was *Death*,
Whoſe rigour whil'ſt I furiouſly did view,
Vpon a ſodeyne, ere I was aware;
With perceiuing dart my mother deare it ſlew;
Which when I ſaw it made me ſo to weepe,
That teares and ſobs did rouze me from my ſleepe.

But, when I wak't, I found my dreame was true;
For *Death* had ta'ne my mothers breath away,
Though of her life it could not her bereaue,
Sith ſhee in glorie liues with Chriſt for aye;
Which makes me glad, and thankefull for her bliſſe,
Though ſtill bewayle her abſence, whom I miſſe.

A ſodeine ſorrow peirceth to the quicke,
Speedie encounters fortitude doth try;
Vnarmed men receiue the deepeſt wound,
Expected perils time doth leniſie;
Her ſodeine loſſe hath cut my feeble heart,
So deepe, that daily I indure the ſmart.

The roote is kil'd, how can the boughs but fade?
But ſith that *Death* this cruell deed hath done,
I'le blaze the nature of this mortall foe,
And ſhew how it to tyranize begun.
The ſequell then with iudgement view aright,
The profit may and will the paines requite.

Mortalities Memorandum.

WHen *Elohim* had giuen time beginning,
In the beginning God began to make (taine, Gen. 1. 1.
The heauens, and earth, with all that they con-
Which were created for *his Glories ſake*; Prov. 16. 4.
And to be Lord of part of worke or'e-paſt,
He *Adam* made, and *Eue* of him at laſt.

In *Eden* garden God did place them both,
To whom Commaund of all the trees he gaue,
The fruit of one tree onely to forbeare,
On paine of *Death* (his owne he did but craue,)
And Sathan thinking this their good too great,
Suggeſts the Woman, ſhee the man, they eate.

Thus eating both, they both did ioyntly ſinne,
And *Elohim* diſhonoured by their act;
Doth ratifie, what he had earſt decreed,
That *Death* muſt be the wages of their fact; Gen. 2. 17.
Thus on them, and their of-ſpring thenceforth ſeaz'd
Mortalitie, becauſe they God diſpleas'd.

In *Adam all men die*, not one that's free 1. Cor. 15. 22.
From that condition we from him deriue,
By ſinne *Death* entred, and began to raigne,
But yet in *Chriſt ſhall all be made aliue*. Rom. 5. 12.
Who did triumph o're ſinne, o're *Death*, and hell,
That all his choſen may in glorie dwell.

Conſidering then *Iehovahs* iuſt decree,
That man ſhall ſurely taſte of *Death* through ſinne,
I much lament, when as I mete in minde,
The dying ſtate ſecurely men liue in;
Excluding from their memories that day,
When they from hence by *Death* muſt paſſe away.

Epheſ. 2. 1. The Scripture mentioneth three kindes of *Death*,
The firſt whereof is called *Death* in ſinne,
When as the bodie liues, and ſoule is *Dead*,
This ſort of *Death* did other *Deaths* beginne.
1. *Tim.* 5. 6. The Widowes, whom Saint *Paul* doth ſpecifie,
Their life in pleaſure caus'd their ſoules to die,

The vnregenerated ſinnefull man,
That ſeemes to liue, but is in ſpirit *Dead*,
Liues to the world, and daily dies to *God*,
Prepoſtrouſly his courſe of life is led;
He liues and *dies*, but cannot *die* and liue,
Mat. 15. 26. *The Childrens bread to Whelps God will not giue.*

Rom. 6. 11. The ſecond kinde of *Death* is *Death to ſinne*,
Whereby the faithfull and regenerate man
Doth daily *Mortifie* his ill deſires,
That *ſin* doth neither raigne in him, nor can.
Thus *dying* in this life, in *Death* he liues,
And after *Death* to him God glorie giues.

The third and laſt of theſe, is *Death by ſinne*,
Which as a roote two braunches forth doth ſend,
The former bough whereof is *Corp'rall Death*,
The latter *Death eternall* without end.
Which end without end God doth deſtinate,
To be the ſtipend of the Reprobate.

This

This is that *Death* which ſacred Scripture calls
The ſecond *Death*, or ſeparation
Of ſoule, and bodie from the loue of God;
The ſinners lot, iuſt Condemnation.
Which *cannot be to them, that are in Chriſt,* Rom. 8. 1.
Whoſe life is hid with him in God the hyeſt. Col. 3. 3.

A *Corp'rall Death* is common vnto all,
To young, and old, to godly and vniuſt;
The Prince, that ſwayes the ſcepter of a Realme,
Muſt with his Subiects turne by *Death* to duſt.
This is the period of all *Adams* lyne,
Which Epilogue of life I thus define.

When ſoule and bodie by one ſpirit knit,
Vnlooſed are, and *duſt returnes to earth,* Eccle. 12. 7.
The ſpirit vnto God that gaue it man,
By which he liues in wombe before his birth;
The bodie voyd of ſoule, bereft of breath,
Is that condition called *Corp'rall Death.*

This is that *Death,* which leades the ſoule to life,
This is that friend, which frees vs from our paine,
This is the Portall of true Paradiſe,
Through which we paſſe eternall life to gaine;
This is the leader vnto ioy or woe,
This is the dore, through which all men muſt goe.

Death was at firſt inflicted as a curſe, Gen. 3. 19.
But *Womans ſeede hath brooke the Serpents head,* Gen. 3. 15.
His bitter *Death* for vs hath gained life,
His agonie hath freed his owne from dread.
Death is that gueſt the godly wiſh to ſee;
For when it comes, their troubles ended be.

Rom. 8. 1. *All things doe worke together for the beſt*
To thoſe, that loue and are beloued of God;
If all things, then muſt alſo ſinne and *Death*,
Sickneſſe, and ſorrowes, worlds owne ſcourging rod:
For in deſpight of fleſh, the world, and Deuill,
God to his Children brings good out of euill.

Firſt, we by *Death* are freed from preſent woe,
And ſuch Gods ſpirit hath pronounced bleſt,
As in the Lord depart this irkeſome life;
Reuel. 14. 13. For *from their labours they for euer reſt.*
'Tis *Death* Conducts vs to the land of peace,
Then welcome *Death*, which doth all ſorrowes ceaſe.

If man were fettred in a loathſome goale,
Without one ſparke of hope to come from thence,
Till Priſon walls were leuell with the ground,
He would be glad to ſee their fall Commence.
Thy bodies ruine then reioyce to ſee,
That out of Goale thy ſoule may looſed be.

What worſe Bocardo for the ſoule of man,
Then is the bodie, which with filth is fraught;
Witneſſe the ſinkes thereof, through which doe paſſe
The excrements, appoynted for the draught.
Euacuations, loathſome in their ſmell,
Egeſted filth, vnfit for tongue to tell.

Pſal. 142. 7. *From out of Priſon bring my ſoule O Lord,*
Was *Dauids* earneſt and ſincere deſire,
1. *King.* 19. 4. *Eliah* in the anguiſh of his heart,
Did *Death* in ſtead of irkeſome life require.
Vile, *Liue*, and *Euil*, haue the ſelfe ſame letters,
He *liues* but *vile* whom *euil* houlds in fetters.

The

The Heathens make report, that *Argia*,
To yeeld requitall for the toyle and paine,
Which *Biton* and *Cleobis* for her tooke,
Desir'd the goddesse *Iuno*, they might gaine
The greatest good, she could to man bequeath,
Which graunted was, and paid with sodeine *Death*.

The *Thracians* sadly sorrow and lament,
When as their Children firſt behold the light,
But with great exultation they reioyce,
What time their friends doe bid the world *Good night*.
When *Dauids* Childe was sicke he would not eate,
But being *Dead*, he rose and call'd for meate. 2. *Sam.* 12.20.

By *Death* we secondly deliuered are,
From future sorrowes, and calamities,
The godly perish and are ta'ne away *Esay* 57.1.
From ill to come, as *Esay* testifies.
And thus God cut off *Ieroboams* sonne, 1. *King* 14.13.
Because he saw some good in him begun.

We thirdly are, by *Death* exempt from sinne,
And freed from bondage of inthralled woe,
'Tis true, that life's the blessing of the Lord,
But yet by it sinne doth increase and grow.
And sinne is but the of-spring of the Deuill,
Then blest is he, whom *Death* frees from this euill.

To some the Lord in mercie graunteth space,
For true repentance of committed sinne,
And reformation of those euill wayes,
Which through corruption they haue walked in;
And other some, who sinne as earst before,
He takes away, that they may sinne no more.

Death

Death Corporall in fine is as a dore,
Through which our ſoules doe paſſe without delay
Into thoſe ioyes, which cannot be conceiu'd;
This truth is proued plaine, where *Chriſt* doth ſay,
Luke 23. 43. *To day thou ſhalt be with mee* to that theefe,
Which at laſt gaſpe did beg his ſoules reliefe.

What is this world, if ballanced with heauen;
Earths glorie fades, but heauenly ioyes indure,
This life is full of ſickneſſe, want, and woe;
But life through *Chriſt* hath no diſeaſe to cure.
In heauen there is no maladie or paine,
But melodie, true comfort to maintaine.

There Saints are Crown'd with matchleſſe maieſtie,
Inveſted with eternall roabes of glorie;
There Sunne doth ſhine, and ſuffers no eclips,
Earths chiefeſt ioyes are vaine, and tranſitorie.
Vnconſtant, fading, fickle, and vnſure,
But heauens pleaſures permanent endure.

There is no penurie, or choaking care
For preſent time, or the ſucceeding morrow;
But there are riches without toyle attain'd;
Myrth without mourning, ſolace without ſorrow.
Peace without perill, plentie without want,
Where without asking, God doth all things grant.

1. Cor. 2. 9. The eye of man hath neuer yet beheld,
Nor hath his eare attended once to heare,
Ne yet his heart conceiu'd, or vnderſtood
The ioyes prepar'd, and purchas'd for the deare
And choſen Children of our heauenly Father,
Who doth his ſheepe into one ſheepe-fould gather.

And

And as our ſoules poſſeſſe true happineſſe,
So ſhall our mortall bodies vile and baſe,
Be rais'd immortall by the power of Chriſt, *Phil.* 3. 21.
And with our ſoules enioy a glorious place,
That re-vnited they may ioyne in one,
To ſing the praiſes of the *Corner-Stone.* *Epheſ.* 2. 20.

The day of *Death*, ſaith *Salomon* the Wiſe,
(Which paradox the Godly approbate)
Is better then the day that one is borne; *Eccleſ.* 7. 3.
For *Death* conducts vs to a bliſſe-full ſtate.
'Tis *Lazars* friend, though it ſeeme *Diues* foe,
But life inducts vs to a world of woe.

The Mariner, which doth aſſay to paſſe
The raging ſeas into ſome forraine land,
Deſireth much to haue his voyage ended,
And to arriue vpon the ſolid ſand.
All creatures with deſire doe ſeeke for reſt,
After they haue with labour beene oppreſt.

The Pilgrim, which a iourney vndertakes,
Feeding his fancie with exoticke ſights,
Deemes not his way much irkeſome to his foot;
Becauſe his paine is mixed with delights.
For 'tis his ioy to thinke vpon that day,
When he ſhall ſee the period of his way.

Men are as Saylors in this irkſome life,
Who at the hauen alwayes caſt their eye,
As Pilgrims wandring in a vncouth land.
Then who is he, that will not wiſh to dye?
And he whom God by *Death* doth ſooneſt call,
Is in my minde the happieſt wight of all.

When *Simeon* had embraced in his armes,
His Lord, whom he had waited long to see,
He of his Sauiour instantly desir'd
Luke 2.29. A *nunc dimittis*, that he might be free
From bitter bondage of vnpleasant life,
Where flesh and spirit alwayes are at strife.

By their Contraries things may best be seene,
Iet makes the Ivorie most white appeare,
'Tis darknesse which doth manifest the light,
And sicknesse makes vs value health most deare.
Lifes miserie doth best make knowne the gaine,
And freedome, which by *Death* we doe obtaine.

Consider then the euils of this life,
Whose pleasures are as honie mixt with gall,
Or bankes of flowers, which couer lurking snakes,
Snares to intrap, and blocks whereat some fall.
What wise-man then of them will reck'ning make,
Or wish to liue for fading pleasures sake?

It were some motiue to induce delight,
In liuing long, if life would certaine last,
But *Infancie* and *Childhood* scarce are seene,
Before that both of them are ouerpast.
Iuventus sodeinly doth flie away,
Adolescency makes but little stay.

Virilitie doth not continue long,
Old age is short and hastens to an end,
Our longest life and pleasure is but briefe,
Thus tedious griefes on euery age attend.
Which like to sable clouds eclips our sunne,
And makes our glasse of life with sorrow run.

Conſider man in his abridged time,
What pricking perill he therein doth beare;
Youth is incumbred with vntimely harmes,
Continuall care doth *Middle-age* out-weare.
Old-age is teſtie, ſubiect vnto griefe,
Diſeaſes ſteale vpon it as a theefe.

The bodie is in danger (euery part)
Of hurt, diſeaſe, and loſſe of ſenſe, and lym,
Auditus vnto deafeneſſe ſubiect is,
Viſus of blindneſſe, or of being dym,
Guſtus of ſauours, bitter, tart, and ſowre,
Olfactus vnto loathſome ſtinks each houre.

Tactus is ſubiect to benummednеſſe,
Our goods to ſpoyle by theeues, or ſodeyne fire,
Good name is lyable to falſe reports,
Inuectiue obtrectations, fruites of ire;
Our kindred and acquaintance ſubiect are
To like miſhap, which falleth to our ſhare.

Our ſoule in danger is of vice and errour,
Our bodie ſubiect to impriſonment,
To hurt by beaſts, as horſes and the like,
Or elſe to ſpoyle by creatures virulent;
Which with their ſtings doe giue vntimely wound,
Or elſe to ſquarts and bruiſes on the ground.

Thoſe dewes, which *Sol* attracteth from the earth,
Proue moſt pernicious when they doe deſcend,
To number all the euills of this life,
May haue beginning, but can finde no end.
For new enormities, new plagues procure,
'Tis iuſt to ſcourge, where loue cannot allure.

What courſe, or trade of life, is free from griefe?
Or what condition voyd of all annoy?
To liue in office, trouble is our lot,
To liue at home is vncouth without ioy:
To worke in field is toyleſome, full of paine,
At ſea are feares, in traffique little gaine.

In iourney ieopardie doth vs attend,
In marriage griefe and care oppreſſe the minde,
The ſingle life is ſolitarie, vaine;
The rich can little ioy in riches finde;
For hauing much, his care muſt watch his wealth,
From ſecret pilfring, and from open ſtealth.

If pouerty be our appointed lot,
Our griefe is great, reliefe and comfort ſmall,
We muſt endure oppreſſion, ſuffer wrong,
The weake in wreſtling goeth to the wall:
If we be bit, we cannot bite againe,
If rich men ſtrike, we muſt their blow ſuſtaine.

If we be eminent in place of note,
Then ſtand we as a marke for enuies dart,
Coniecture cenſures our defect of worth,
Inquirie doth anatomize each part,
And if our reputation be but ſmall,
Contempt and ſcorne doth vs and ours befall.

The infant from the wombe into the world
Comes crying, by the which it doth preſage
The paines, and perils, it muſt vndergoe,
In childe-hood, man-hood, and decreped age,
He that moſt knowes this life, leaſt doth it loue,
Except affliction may affection moue.

Mans life on earth is like a Ship at Sea,
Toſt on the waues of troubles to and fro,
Aſſayl'd by pirates, croſt by bluſtring windes,
Where rockes of ruine menace ouerthrow.
Where ſtormes moleſt, and hunger pincheth ſore,
Where *Death* doth lurke at euery Cabbin dore.

Yet ſome afflictions in this irkeſome life,
God doth in mercie to his Children ſend,
Thereby to weane them from the loue of that,
Which is but noyſome, and will ſoone haue end.
That ſo their *liking may be ſet aboue*, Col. 3. 2.
Vpon thoſe pleaſures which ſhall neuer moue.

Which made the Choſen veſſell of the Lord, Phil. 1. 23.
That he might be with Chriſt, deſire to *die*,
And *Iob* to wiſh his dayes were at an end, Iob. 6. 8. 9.
Becauſe his life was naught but miſerie.
The godly man is tyred with his breath,
And findes no reſt, till he be free by *Death*.

What then is life that it ſhould be deſir'd?
Or what aduantage by it doth man winne?
Is not this world a net to ſnare the ſoule?
Doe not long liuers multiplie their ſinne?
Is not this life a mappe of miſerie,
The quite contrarie of tranquilitie.

For though the ſeeming pleaſures of this life
Doe cauſe vs loue it, yet the paines may moue
Vs to contemne the bait, which hides the hooke,
And rather loath, then either like or loue,
A path of Ice, where footing is vnſure,
Or bitter pills, though guilded to allure.

But

But ſome (who liue as *Dives* did) may ſay,
That life is ſweet, and comfort doth afford,
That there are few whom ſickneſſe doth arreſt,
But wiſh moſt earneſtly to be reſtor'd.
1. King 20. 3. That *Hezekiah* wept when he heard tell,
That God would haue him bid the world farewell.

As alſo *Dauid* to the Lord did ſay,
Pſal 119.175. *Let my ſoule liue, that it may praiſe thee ſtill*;
Luke 22.42. And Chriſt did pray, his *Cup* might from him paſſe,
If ſo it were his holy Fathers will:
But *Hezekiah* wept, becauſe that yet
He had no iſſue on his throne to ſit.

And *Dauids* wiſh from reaſon did proceed;
For he was then perplexed with his foe,
Who would with exultation haue affirm'd,
That God in wrath had wrought his ouerthrow.
And of Chriſts prayer this was the reaſon why,
Gal. 3. 13. Becauſe he was a curſed *Death* to die.

When godly men doe dread the ſight of *Death*,
Their feareſulneſſe it is but natures errour,
Mat. 26. 41. *The ſpirit's readie, but the fleſh is weake*,
Aſſiſting grace will mitigate their terror.
Yet ſome mens feare doth iſſue from miſtruſt,
That they ſhall neuer ſhine among the iuſt.

The conſcience of whoſe life in ſinne miſ-led,
At ſight of *Death* doth make them trembling ſtand,
Dan. 5. 6. And like *Belſhatſar* change their wonted lookes,
Becauſe that their deſtruction is at hand.
For when that God o're them giues *Death* full power,
Graue takes their bodies, hell their ſoules deuoure.

They

They know that ſinne deſerues eternall *Death*;
And therefore feare when they depart from hence,
And that their Lampe of life is quite extinct,
Their pleaſures ſhall conclude, and paines commence.
The worme of *Conſcience* gnawes ſo in their breſt,
As makes their terrour not to be expreſt.

And then (too late) with *Balam* they deſire, *Num.* 23. 10.
(When they perceiue their latter end draw nie)
That they the righteous may aſſimilate
In their departure, and like them may die.
But holy life is that portendeth bliſſe,
He that liues well can neuer die amiſſe.

That man which liues a ſanctifyed life,
Yet doth not die with outward peace and reſt,
Through conflicts had with Sathan and his luſts;
Iudge not amiſſe of him, whom God hath bleſt.
In leading by the gate of hell to ioy,
Where he ſhall be exempt from all annoy.

For ſometimes 'tis the lot of wicked men,
Which in impietie their life haue led,
To outward view to leaue this world in peace,
Without ſo much as ſtrugling on their bed.
The *Death* of *Nabal* who ſo noteth well,
Shall finde that many paſſe like ſtones to hell. 1. *Sam.* 25 37.

Death is the meſſenger of weale and woe;
Like *Ioſeph*, which foretold of dignitie, *Gen.* 40. 13. 19.
That *Pharaoh* on his Butler would beſtow,
But to the Baker fatall miſerie.
He did predict ſhould ſodeinly enſue,
Which, as he ſaid, did quickly fall out true.

Vnto

Vnto the faithfull, *Death* doth tydings bring
Of life, of fauour, and eternall reſt,
How they from out the priſon of this world,
In which with griefes they haue beene ſore oppreſt,
Shall be receiu'd through Chriſts eternall loue
To liue for euer with their God aboue.

For though that *Death* conſidered in it ſelfe
Be fearefull, and doth many terrors bring,
Yet vnto them there is no cauſe of dread;
For by Chriſts *Death* grim *Mors* hath loſt it ſting.
That as a toothleſſe Snake no hurt can doe,
No more can *Death* procure the godly woe.

1. *Cor.* 15. 56. The ſting of *Death* the Scripture ſayth is *ſinne*,
Chriſts powerfull *Death* hath tooke *Deaths* power away,
Hoſea 13 14. That by the merit of his Conquering word;
To *Death* and Hell we may with boldneſſe ſay,
Death where's thy ſting, Hell where's thy victorie?
1. *Cor.* 15. 55. In Chriſt we liue maugre thy tyrannie.

The godly onely comfort finde in *Death*,
They view the end, and not regard the way,
And with the eye of faith they ſee, that God
Intends more good to them, then earth can pay:
And though *to die* they dare not ſupplicate,
Yet for their diſſolution they doe waite.

So that if *Death* arreſt them vnawares,
Yet can it not them vnprepared finde,
And if with reſpite they depart this world,
Their wel-led-life doth conſolate their minde,
And makes them welcome *Death* with ioy of heart;
'Tis happie newes that they from life muſt part.

But

But to the wicked *Death* brings word of *Death*;
For why to them it hath not loſt it ſting:
It is but the exordium of their woes,
And as a Goalor doth from Priſon bring
Their guiltie ſoules, to ſuffer for their ſinne
Thoſe paines which end not, though they doe begin.

Within them terror doth affright their mindes,
Aboue them they the face of iuſtice ſee,
Beneath them horrour doth affront their ſight,
About them vgly Deuils readie bee,
With watchfull eyes, moſt willing without grudge,
To execute the pleaſure of the Iudge.

Death takes them as it findes them, and forthwith
It doth preſent them, as it doth them take,
Vnto the Lord, who cenſures their deſerts,
As they are found, when they appearance make.
And as they are adiudged, ſo they muſt,
For euer vnder-goe their ſentence iuſt.

Mortalitie is Gods exact decree,
Which as the deluge of his kindled ire,
Hath ouerwhelmed with a dying life
Decaying man, whoſe ſtate doth ſtill require,
And pregnantly induce to thinke on *Death*,
Ere it obſtruct the paſſage of his breath.

Three motiues mouing man to meditate
On *Death*, ere *Death*, I briefely will declare;
Firſt the *Neceſsitie* that men *muſt die*,
By which they are forewarned to prepare,
Againſt that time, when they *muſt* goe from hence,
This ſtrict *Oportet* will with none diſpence.

Pſal. 89. 48.
Deut. 31. 14.

Thoſe daily obiects man doth ſpeculate,
Preſent vnto his thought, that he *muſt die*;
For all things in this world declare and ſhew,
That man is ſubiect to *Mortalitie*;
Thoſe vegetiues, which bud and ſpring out moſt,
Doth *Hyems* kill, and cut away with froſt.

1. *Pet.* 3. 10. The elements muſt be diſſolu'd with heate,
The *Macrocoſmus* it muſt paſſe away,
Luke 21. 33. And man the *Microcoſmus* needs *muſt die*,
Both young and old *muſt* goe to *Golgotha*.
Faire buildings leuell with the ground muſt lye,
And ſtrongeſt Cities come to nullitie.

Dan. 6. 15. The *Medes* and *Perſians* did their lawes confirme
So ſtrongly, that they could not altred bee,
Heb. 9. 27. And this appointment *all men once muſt die*,
Is as infallible, as their decree.
2. *Sam.* 14. 14. *We needs muſt die*, to pay what God doth lend,
Life had beginning, and *muſt* haue an end.

From earth man came, to duſt he *muſt* returne,
This is the deſcant of *Deaths* fatall dittie,
All men are mortall, therefore *muſt* they die,
Heb. 13. 14. And *Paul* ſayth, *Here is no abiding Cittie.*
Mans dayes conſume like wax againſt the Sunne,
Iob 7. 6. And as a Weauers ſhittle ſwiftly runne.

That thing, which may bee, may be doubted off,
And as a thing vncertaine paſſe neglected;
But things that *muſt* be, greater heed require,
And of neceſſitie *muſt* bee expected.
Then thinke on *Death*, ere *Death*, for truth doth ſhow,
That *Death muſt* come, but when we may not know.

The

The ſecond motiue moouing thought of *Death*,
Is the impartialitie of it,
Reſpecting neither perſons, age, or ſexe,
By bribes ſiniſter it doth none acquit;
Friends nor intreaties can no whit preuaile,
Where *Death* arreſts it will admit no Bayle.

What is become of *Abſolom* the faire?
Dauid the Victor, *Salomon* the wiſe?
Creſſus the worldly rich, *Dives* the wretch?
Sampſon the ſtrong, that was bereft of eyes?
From theſe, and more then theſe, with whetted knife,
Death hath cut off the ſiluer thread of life.

It is hereditarie vnto all,
Lazarus dead, Dives muſt alſo die, Luke 16. 22.
Paſſe from his downe-bed to his bed of duſt,
And vntill doomes day in earths bowels lye.
Death ſcatters that, which life had carking got,
And caſts on youthfull yeares old ages lot.

Like *Iehues* ſhaft it ſpares not *Iorams* heart, 2. King 9. 24.
But makes Kings ſubiect to it aweleſſe power.
Dauid muſt yeeld to tread the beaten path,
When *Death* with open mouth meanes to deuoure. 1. King 2. 2.
And hauing changed corps to duſt, who then
Can well diſtinguiſh Kings from other men?

The greateſt Monarch of earths Monarchie,
Whom God with worldly honours highly bleſt,
Deaths Beeſome from this life hath ſwept away,
Their ſtories Epilogue is *Mortuus eſt*. Gen. 5. 5.
For *Death* to all men diſſolution brings,
Yea, the *Cataſtrophe* it is of Kings.

Great *Alexander* Conquer'd many Lands,
And ſauage Creatures he bereſt of breath;
But in the Records of his famous acts,
It is not writ, that he did Conquer *Death.*
The ſtouteſt ſouldiour fitted for the field,
Maugre his might to *Death* his life muſt yeeld.

Methuſhelah, one of the longeſt liuers,
Could not eſcape the peircing dart of *Death*,
But when the ſand out of his glaſſe was runne,
Mors ſtopt the paſſage of his vitall breath.
Death fro n the ſtately throne to graue deiects,
No more the Prince then Peaſant it reſpects.

It doth diſſolue the knot by friendſhip knit,
From *Dauid* it takes *Ionathan* away,
And Children of their Parents it bereaues,
Parents their Children muſt not haue for aye.
Without reſpect of any or remorce,
It workes the husband's, and his wifes diuorce.

'Tis ſo impartiall, that it ſpareth none,
But doth ſurprize the rich as well as poore,
It was not *Tullies* learned eloquence,
That could perſwade *Death* to paſſe by his dore.
Nor is it wealth or proweſſe that can tame,
Gen. 3. 19. *Deaths* vigour, for it ſends men whence they came.

The third and laſt is the *vncertaintie*
Of *Deaths* approach, as *when* or at what time,
It will arreſt vs, whether in old age,
Or our Virilitie and youthfull prime.
The which muſt cauſe continuall thought of *Death*,
That vnawares it may not ſtop our breath.

Time

Time turnes the heauens in a certaine courſe,
The Storke and Crane appoynted ſeaſons know, *Ier. 8. 7.*
The ſtarres their conſtant motions doe obſerue,
Tides haue their times to ebbe and ouer-flow.
Mans fickle ſtate doth onely reſt vnſure
Of certaine courſe, and ſeaſon to endure.

The Tenant thinkes vpon that date of time,
Which will his leaſe of houſe or land expire;
But of the end or *punctum* of this life,
Whereof we haue no leaſe, who doth inquire?
We in this life are Tenants but at will,
God onely knowes the time we muſt fulfill.

The Preter time, which is alreadie paſt,
Was ours, but neuer will be ſo againe;
The Future time perhaps ſhall not be ours,
To make account thereof is therefore vaine;
The inſtant time which preſent we inioy
Is onely ours to mannage and imploy.

I make no doubt but many men would mourne,
If they exactly knew their finall day
Should be within a yeare of preſent time,
Yet now with mirth they paſſe their time away;
When as perhaps they ſhall not liue one houre,
Nay in a moment, *Death* may them deuoure.

Some tender Infants in their Cradle die,
Like blooming bloſſomes blowne from off the tree;
Dauids young ſonne *muſt die*, it is decreed, *2. Sam. 12. 18.*
That length of dayes he ſhall not liue to ſee.
Thus greedie *Death* plucks buds from off the tree,
When fruits mature grow and vngath'red bee.

There

There is no man on earth that can foretell,
Where Death, or in what place will vs ſelect,
Abroad, at home, in cittie, or the field,
It is *Vncertaine*, that we may expect
Deaths comming alwayes, and in euery place,
To make compleate the currant of our race.

The manner of *Deaths* comming, *How* 'twill be,
God hath conceal'd to make vs vigilant.
Some die by ſickneſſe, others by miſhap,
Some die with ſurfeit, other ſome with want:
Some die by fire, ſome periſh by the Sword,
Some drown'd in Water ſwim vnto the Lord.

Pope *Adrian* was ſtifeled with a Gnatt,
Old *Anacreon* ſtrangled with a Grape,
A little hayre did choake great *Fabius*,
Saphira could not ſodeine *Death* eſcape.
Into this life we all but one way came,
But diuers wayes we goe out of the ſame.

If God from perill did not vs protect,
Our daily food might ſtop our vitall breath,
The things we neither doubt, nor feare, may proue
The inſtruments of an vntimely *Death*.
And in a moment worke our liues decay,
When we leaſt thinke vpon our ending day.

'Tis God omniſcient which doth onely know
The time of life, that man on earth muſt liue,
Deut. 32. 50. At his appoyntment *Moſes muſt goe die*,
Who bounds and limmit vnto time doth giue:
Man happen may to aske *Where*, *When*, and *How*,
Death will ſurprize, but God ſayth *Thus*, *here*, *now*.

Of

Of liſes decay man information hath,
From certaine *monitors*, which Vſher *Death*;
The firſt whereof proclaimes th'vncertaintie
Of time determin'd for mans vſe of breath.
The ſecond doth diſcouer miſerie.
The third inevitable certaintie.

The firſt of theſe is ſodeine caſualtie,
Which doth ſuggeſt that *Death* may doubtfull be,
The ſecond ſickneſſe, which with irkſome groanes
Declares, that *Death* may grieuous be to thee.
Thirdly old-age this rule doth verifie,
Young men may faile, but aged men muſt die.

It therefore is moſt requiſite for thoſe,
That wiſh to be vpright in iudgement found,
Not by their workes, but for their Sauiours meed,
To thinke they alwayes heare the laſt trump ſound,
That they their ſoules in readineſſe may make:
For when *Death* comes 'twill no excuſes take.

Iehovah by his *Vtinam* doth ſhew — *Deut. 32.29.*
His great deſire, that men ſhould haue reſpect
To *vnderſtand* and thinke vpon their end,
Which want of wiſedome cauſeth them neglect.
For ſurely where the Lord doth knowledge giue,
Men liue and learne to *die*, and *die* to liue.

To entertaine a Legate from a King
In coſtly manner, many will prepare;
Yet *Death* that comes from him, that's King of Kings,
Welcome to bid, there are but few that care; — *Eccl. 11. 3.*
But *as the tree doth fall, ſo ſhall it lye,*
And men muſt riſe to Iudgement as they *die.*

That

That thing, which at all ſeaſons may be done,
When euer done, is not done out of ſeaſon;
A daily expectation of that gueſt,
Which any time may come proceeds from reaſon.
Ieruſalem her latter end forgot,
And therefore deſolation was her lot.

Invading *Mors* without remorſe deuoures,
And if we be not arm'd ere it aſſault,
We ſhall be foyled ere we can be arm'd;
If we be taken tardie 'tis our fault.
For ſith 'tis certaine, *Mors* will ſurely ſtrike,
We muſt expect *Deaths* poyſon-pointed pyke.

That vnawares we may not be ſurpriz'd,
But readie to receiue that fatall blowe,
Which cannot be reſiſted when it comes,
No more then force of flouds which ouerflow.
Premeditation is the beſt defence
Againſt this foe, which will with none diſpence.

For from continuall thought of *Deaths* aſſault,
Doe ſundry ſpeciall benefits ariſe,
Careleſſe ſecuritie it firſt preuents,
Wherewith our ghoſtly foe doth blind our eyes;
And by the which he makes vs quite forget,
That there's a Centre in our Circle ſet.

By thought of *Death* (in ſecond place) we gaine
Acquaintance, with our foe afore our fight,
Expected dangers looſe their greateſt force.
Pauls dying daily put falſe feare to flight.
1. Cor. 15. 31. 'Thoſe faces, which at firſt haue vgly hew,
'Grow into liking through their often view.

Thirdly

Thirdly by thought of *Death*, ere life decay,
We ſhall contemne this world and hold it vaine,
Into the which we nothing brought at firſt,
Nor from it can we carrie ought againe. 1. *Tim.* 6. 7.
As alſo know whil'ſt on this Sea we floate,
We are but ſtrangers, from our home remote.

The *Doue*, which *Noah* ſent from forth the *Arke*, *Gen.* 8. 9.
Could finde no reſt, till ſhee return'd againe;
Nor can the faithfull, till they goe to Chriſt,
True reſt and quiet without griefe obtaine:
Heauen is the hauen of the faithfull wight,
Chriſt's loue the obiect of their ſoules delight.

The ſoule of *Dauid* panted after God, *Pſal.* 42. 1.
And thirſted oft his preſence to obtaine;
The father of the faithfull liu'd in tents, *Heb.* 11. 9.
And ſtranger-like in *Canaan* did remaine.
That he might no where ſettle his abode,
But in the Cittie of the liuing God.

Fourthly, premeditation of our *Death*,
Doth cauſe vs crucifie our ſinfull luſt,
And by the ſpirit mortifie the fleſh, *Gal.* 5. 24.
That ſoule may liue when bodie turnes to *duſt*;
And makes vs know that coſtly roabes and meate,
Doe decke and nouriſh food for Wormes to eate.

Fifthly, the thought of our deceaſe by *Death*,
Doth moue vs ſeriouſly to waigh in minde,
How that our firſt materiall was but earth;
That life is ſhort, vnconſtant as the Winde: *Pſal.* 7. 7.
Like miſt and dew, which Sunne doth driue away, *Iob* 9. 26.
Or ſwift as Eagles haſting to their pray.

1. *Pet.* 1. 24. Man is in ſacred Writ compar'd to graſſe,
Which flouriſhing to day ſends forth it flowre,
With'ring at night, is caſt into the fire,
Of ſhort perſiſtance, like an Aprill ſhowre.
For who ſo now perceiues the Sunne to ſhine,
His life is done before that it decline.

Pſal. 102. 3. Our dayes conſume and paſſe away like ſmoake,
Like Bauens blaze ſoone kindled, ſoone extinct,
Iob. 9. 26. Or like a Ship which ſwiftly ſlides the Sea,
Vncertaine, fickle, irkeſome, and ſuccinct.
Recite I all the fading types I can,
Yet none ſo momentanie as is man.

Iob 8. 9. Vnto a ſhadow *Iob* doth life compare,
Which when the bodie moues, doth vaniſh quite,
Iob 20. 8. To vanitie, and likewiſe to a dreame,
Whereof we haue an hundred in one night.
Pſal. 39. 5. *Dauid's* reſembling life vnto a ſpan,
Doth ſhew the ſhort continuance of man.

If happineſſe conſiſt in length of dayes,
An Oke more happie then a man appeares;
So doth the *Elephant*, and ſturdie *Stagge*,
Which commonly doe liue two hundred yeares:
Pſal. 90. 10. But mortall man, as *Moſes* doth vnfould,
If he liue foureſcore yeares is counted old.

When *Xerxes* with ten hundred thouſand men
Attempted warre, his eyes did ſhowre forth teares;
To thinke, not one of thoſe, whom he imploy'd,
Should be aliue within one hundred yeares.
For *Adams* heyres ingaged doe remaine
To pay, what he receiu'd, and loſt againe.

The day wherein we firſt behold the light,
Begins our *Death*, for life doth daily fade,
Our day of *Death* begins our happie life,
We are in danger, till our debt is paid.
Life is but lent, we owe it to the Lord,
When 'tis demanded, it muſt be reſtor'd.

A falſe imagination of long life
Made *Diues* ſing a *requiem* to his ſoule, *Luke* 12. 19.
Inlarge his Barnes, diſport, and make good cheare,
Till iuſt *Iehovah* did his thoughts controwle.
Who calls him *foole*, and quells his fond delight,
By threat'ning iudgement to befall that night.

Sixthly, the thought of *Deaths* moſt ſure approach,
Doth moue contrition for our preter ſinne,
And workes reſtraint of preſent ill deſires,
Inſpiring conſtant purpoſe to begin,
A faithfull life by Gods aſſiſting grace,
That to his glory we may runne our race.

Laſtly, premeditation of our *Death*,
Induceth vs to commendable care,
For ſetling and diſpoſing our eſtate
To thoſe, whom we intend ſhall haue a ſhare,
That when we are departed from this life,
Our goods may proue no coales to kindle ſtrife.

When *Hezekiah Iudahs* King was ſicke,
And at the entrie of *Deaths* dore did lye,
The Prophet *Eſay* came to him, and ſayd, *Eſay* 38. 1.
Put thou thy houſe in order, thou muſt die;
Which paradigma plainely doth ingraue
That 'tis a dutie God himſelfe doth craue.

Neglect of which disturbs vs at our end,
When we should be exempt from worldly care,
When doubt of who shall reape what we haue sowne
Distracts our thoughts, and doth our peace impaire;
Withdrawing our affections from aboue,
Where we and no where els should fixe our loue.

Vnto that place prepar'd for Gods elect
Afore the world, the Lord conduct vs still,
And grant that we the measure of our dayes,
To his good pleasure may on earth fulfill;
That when wee to our period doe attaine,
We may with Christ in glory euer raigne.

Amen.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Lord Iesus come quickly.

FINIS.

Faults eſcaped in Printing.

PAge 10. line 16. for *perceiuing* read *pearcing*.
Page 18. line 26. for *attended* read *atteined*.
Page 23. line 15. for *naught* read *nought*.